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## DRAMATIC VERSES





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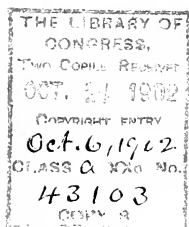
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PUBLISHED OCTOBER, 1902

PS3527  
TS25117  
1902



D. B. UPDIKE, THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS, BOSTON

MY DEAR BAY: THIS IS FOR BESSIE  
AND YOU, IF YOU WILL FIND ROOM  
FOR IT AMONG BETTER THINGS

PARIS, 1902



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## KALYPSO

*Then sang Kalypso yet another song.  
 And it was waxen late. Beyond her isle,  
 Beyond the sea and world hung drearily  
 A full moon. Quiet was, except the wind  
 Lifting the water's murmur as a girl  
 May lift the fold of some sad Eastern silk.  
 One cloud, a presage, loitered. All the air  
 Was marvellous and sorrowful, as of  
 Jasmine sea-touched and roses pale with spray,  
 Of fading oleander, clematis  
 Grown weary on the garden wall. Anon  
 The cold salt wind did rise and scatter all  
 Odours: a little chill, then quietude.  
 So here did mix the land's breath and the sea's.*

*And still she paused. Her solemn lips, possessed  
 By that shy thought that comes before a song,  
 Were silent. And he raised his languid arm.  
 Claspng it all she turned on him then  
 The earnest heaven of her desirous eyes;  
 Drew him about her feet, against her knees,  
 Closer; and rested in his hair one hand.  
 The other alone, moving so musical  
 That her low notes were not more song than it,  
 Described the region of the sinking moon,  
 While soft and even a most unhappy strain,  
 The modulation of an endless grief,  
 Flowed from her lips. And tiredly she sang:*

*"She says: 'Follow my steps and take my hand  
 To where the shoreward sea falls colourless*

*And light is growing less, grows ever less  
Yet quencheth never; where the seas expand  
And shrink, where nothing altereth. I stand  
Upon that melancholy marge of sand.*

*“The Earth was made; yet then was I alone,  
Walking this skyey meadow’s nodding gold.  
I’ve seen her freshest garden turnèd old  
And men grow mortal in her beds of stone.  
But I am still alone, and near the sun  
Sometimes I think my heart is waxen cold  
For having been so very long alone.”*

*Her voice was richer with the widening song.  
Light came and went, colour reposed and fled  
About her face. There in the swarty night  
She shone like opal, flickering weird flame  
And crossed with splendour. On his neck her hand  
Quivered; he felt her blood throb; languidly  
Thro’ closing eyelids of the soul he saw  
The world dissolve in rosiness. She sang:*

*“Come! so long have I looked on thee, so long  
That my gold lids are heavy with desire;  
My arms for waiting here in heaven tire;  
My throat is tuneless with unceasèd song.  
Where nothing is and day and night prolong  
Each other in the sober twilight fire,  
Give me thy soul for having looked so long.*

*“I go below. Follow thou in my irace  
And taste my solitude. There all the air  
Becomes a lover feeling love so rare.*



*The chilly wave walks nearer yet to share  
The rhythm and ecstasy of our embrace,  
And evening jealous of our flushed face  
Goes out in sad retire and pale despair.*

*“And while upon that solitary sand  
The ripples burn away their fringe of light  
And after me drawn down the heavenly night  
Unnumbered stars fall throbbing to the land,  
Let all the glamour of my courses waned  
Possess thy soul in lingering delight,—  
Let me in darkness feel thy failing hand.”*

*Over his head she stooped. Her odorous hair  
Fell thickly o’er his face. She kissed him  
With all the sleepy honeys of her soul.  
Her arms did slip along his neck, his breast;  
She kissed him lazily upon the lids  
And languorously on the brow, she kissed him  
Trembling and fiery on the opened mouth.  
And slowly—*

*Wind rose. Rustles crept to’s ear.  
Thro’ meshes of her hair he saw gray-blown  
The thick tumultuous cloud blotted and streaked  
With witchery of dead moon. The midnight whirred.  
Sparsely the windy stars and feebly hung.  
A little withered leaf blew by; it scratched  
Him with its frittered edge. For it was autumn.  
Autumn it was. Then did he know. No more  
That year would he return, that year no more;  
Rather, locked by the vastly circular  
Valls o’ the sea, the quashing roof of heaven,*

*Still suffocated in the changeless air,  
Still vexed by incessant memory and recall,  
Would stand in pain desirous of that dear  
Fireside and her more dear and beautiful—  
O curse to exile! Horrid ire shook him.  
He started from her embrace, muttered, struggled,—  
Then sudden came into dominion  
Of his great self. He stood and said to her,  
“Thou art more masterful than death. The life  
That spurred me thro’ the waters of the world  
Was spent indeed,—and claimed again, O love,  
Upon thy soul’s warm shore.” And amorously, she thought.  
He neared her, lifted her. They drew toward  
Her dwelling. To herself she seemèd queen  
Over his love, and on the forward heaven  
Of her retreating hope she lit the stars  
Of happy hours, of happy days,—the crown  
Of long desire; and drank of his embrace  
A dear oblivion of sad doubt: the while  
He plotted to beguile this woman here,  
Gaoler of Fate, to drug her love asleep,  
That ere his death tho’ waxen old he’d see  
Were’t but the smoke of tree-clad Ithaca.*

## ONCE

*That day her eyes were deep as night.  
She had the motion of the rose,  
The bird that veers across the light,  
The waterfall that leaps and throws  
Its irised spindrift to the sun.  
She seemed a wind of music passing on.*

*Alone I saw her that one day  
Stand in the window of my life.  
Her sudden hand melted away  
Under my lips, and without strife  
I held her in my arms awhile  
And drew into my lips her living smile,—*

*Now many a day ago and year!  
Since when I dream and lie awake  
In summer nights to feel her near,  
And from the heavy darkness break  
Glitters, till all my spirit swims  
And her hand hovers on my shaking limbs.*

*If once again before I die  
I drank the laughter of her mouth  
And quenched my fever utterly,  
I say, and should it cost my youth,  
'T were well! for I no more should wait  
Hammering midnight on the doors of fate.*

## IN THE PAST

*There lies a somnolent lake  
Under a noiseless sky,  
Where never the mornings break  
Nor the evenings die.*

*Mad flakes of colour  
Whirl on its even face  
Iridescent and streaked with pallour ;  
And, warding the silent place,*

*The rocks rise sheer and gray  
From the sedgeless brink to the sky  
Dull-lit with the light of pale half-day  
Thro' a void space and dry.*

*And the hours lag dead in the air  
With a sense of coming eternity  
To the heart of the lonely boatman there :  
That boatman am I,*

*I, in my lonely boat,  
A waif on the somnolent lake,  
Watching the colours creep and float  
With the sinuous track of a snake.*

*Now I lean o'er the side  
And lazy shades in the water see,  
Lapped in the sweep of a sluggish tide  
Crawled in from the living sea ;*

*And next I fix mine eyes,  
So long that the heart declines,*

*On the changeless face of the open skies  
Where no star shines;*

*And now to the rocks I turn,  
To the rocks, around  
That lie like walls of a circling urn  
Wherein lie bound*

*The waters that feel my powerless strength  
And meet my homeless oar  
Labouring over their ashen length  
Never to find a shore.*

*But the gleam still skims  
At times on the somnolent lake,  
And a light there is that swims  
With the whirl of a snake;*

*And tho' dead be the hours i' the air,  
And dayless the sky,  
The heart is alive of the boatman there:  
That boatman am I.*

## ONEIROPOLOS

*Come, Sakhi. Here within this edge of shade  
 We'll stand against the house-wall shadow-cooled.  
 There's no one left at noon in the Agora  
 To quib their fortune of my dozen birds.  
 The town—the world, these poor Athenians think—  
 Goes home and half asleep. Their prattling stops.  
 And burned by sunlight thro' the stifling hours,  
 Temple and house, statue and wall and road  
 Glow as hot copper.*

*But here shadow dwells;*  
*And here by the sun-stricken afternoon*  
*I stand leaning my head, and close my eyes.*  
*A red light swims my brain awhile, then goes;*  
*And unto memory I surrender me*  
*Of all my master Brihadashua said,*  
*My blessed master pure and charitable*  
*Who dwelt in Kashi by the holy stream.*  
*Happy indeed was I, happy to count*  
*A wizard in my kindred such as he,*  
*Whose lips were wholly dedicate to truth,*  
*Whose hand dispensed serene and wonderful*  
*Peace to the spirit as a tree his shade.*  
*To him, as one who rushes head aflame,*  
*Kindled and dry with fever, toward shore,*  
*I went; and most divinely pitiful*  
*He taught me wisdom. To his voice I turned*  
*As turns a lotus to the rosy dawn,*  
*Filling with light, gathering treasure thence*  
*To keep within its heart all the day long.*  
*Sometime he spake, and all were blest; sometime*

*Silent we sat within the pale and help  
Of all his thought. Continually did fall  
The pleasant dew of patience from his eye,  
Which looking ever beyond world and star  
Was large as upper heaven. They were the days  
When I had laid the world to rest within me  
And, tho' with childish lips, did after him  
Say as in dream the holy syllables.  
He died,—rather, I heard him never more.  
His final earthly errand, whilst his mind,  
Quitting our vain and pitiable scene,  
Dissolved, he gave me in trust. I quit the shore  
Of holy Ganga's healing water-wave,  
Long travelled, breathed of many airs, reviewed  
Forests of sandal, where the Spring wind blew,  
And tender-petalled lily-beds, whereo'er  
The gray crane spanned his gracious, level flight.  
Westward I followed, following every day  
In quest of that he bade me. At the last  
I beheld Sindhus, and my errand's done.*

*Hear, Sakhi, yet awhile my destiny.  
The burning season shone. I stayed—too late.  
The people's rumour told of a great host,  
Yavanas named, from the utter unknown lands,  
Generalled by a god and more innumerable  
Than drops in rainy season; giants all,  
That tramped about the edges of the world  
And rose like a live night of crying birds  
Across and thro' high heaven, then fell to earth—  
What needs the many words? The Greeks were on.  
One midday hour the world did leap apart,*

*And thence a thirsty multitude in riot,  
With women, gold, flocks, armour, camels, coins;  
Maddened with hunger for another world;  
Each vagabond upon his empty heart  
An empire's jewel scattering the light.  
They sacked the land, then weary sat them down,  
And with a million mouths and voices cried  
They'd walk the wide and feeble earth no more.  
So spake the children and the world obeyed.  
Oceanward, between patient Sindhus' shores,  
The locusts moved, leaving a piteous land,  
With goods and gold and men, whereof was I.  
Over a milky ocean torn with flame  
And faced with greenish current, 'long a shore  
Crusted with yellow sand, beneath a sky  
Of endless sun, they lived and sailed and died.  
Then for a little year the millions tramped  
Thro' deserts flat as sea and gray as cloud,  
Till they saw finally a shore. And ships  
Bore them 'twixt isle and isle, after the sun,  
Into the port yonder, Peiraios called,  
To rest. 'T was home, they said; and all men wept.*

*I found their painted fanes and naked gods  
And all these children babbling in the sun.  
First did I hunger, knowing no trick or trade,  
Knowing nothing that sold brings money in.  
I talked not, nor could understand at all  
This Grecian race of laughter, pleasure, song.  
Pity, nor giving alms, nor anything  
That makes the spirit pure, is here. They live,  
And suffer the forgetfulness of life.*



*This is my tale: One night I walked abroad  
Ere dawn a dreary hour, the market-place  
More dark than any jungle. Cold it was.  
I walked, when five cold fingers touched my arm,—  
Beside, a Phrygian slave. Often I'd seen  
Him and his fortune-table's dozen birds,—  
"Oneiropolos" called, "seller of dreams."  
He looked me in the eyes and took my arm  
And led me here; awhile rehearsed his tricks:  
Teased with his forefinger a bird's soft throat,—  
Which leapt on't, pecked and picked one single card.  
So did the Phrygian seven times, and went.  
Over Akropolis was golden dawn.  
Their naked gods all bloomed with light. The dark  
In violet veils dissolved down the steep heaven,  
And I stood here, selling to Athens dreams.*

*A dying town filled of a feeble race,  
Small gossips of their all-expressing tongue,  
Dancers and frolickers, philosophers  
Drunken and sense-tied to the trembling world.  
Hither from fifty climes men come and come,  
Women and children come to see—'t is strange! —  
This city of the old and marble things.  
'Twas miracle, say they, what sights were seen  
Here, Sakhi, one great hundred years ago—  
For they count Time upon their nervous hand.  
Galleys and chariots, beauty, victory, gold,  
And gods they had, whose fair procession walked  
With maidens, cattle, priests and horse; whereof  
Up in the shadows of the fane, yonder,*

*Is marble picture by a studied hand.  
So at their pretty game the children played  
Building and singing on. — But all is gone.  
'Tis vision, tale of poets, memory, nothing;  
Now there is void shadow, blown by wind,  
And the unstoried year is rolled away.*

*Here in the dying town I sell them dreams,  
Here where the Phrygian stood. At evening  
I knock at yonder gate in the High Wall,  
And enter. Courteously a gentle man  
Leads me within, to shade. Upon his lips  
Their chattering Greek is low and lovelier.  
I sit me down. My supper bowl of rice  
He gives, saying, "My friend, rejoice in peace."  
Down thro' his olive orchard, shadowy  
And still and secret as the things of Ind,  
The lily-like soft evening gathers dark.  
Blest is his pious deed; for many hear  
The spoken solace of his quietude.  
To him what little coin I gather here,  
Not in exchange or manner of the West,  
I bring. For Epicurus aids the poor.*

*Peace! My words are many. Now peace to thee!  
For yonder comes as ever at this time  
Phryne, the rose and glory of their world.  
Her veil is wove of sunrise, and her face  
The white moon set between two clouds of black.  
Her eye's a firefly and her voice a viol.  
She walks as when a bird follows the sea.*

*Here daily falls her piece of gold,—she's rich  
And timid as the shining meteor,  
And hovers mothlike round her destiny;  
For all her wings and beauty are for sale.*

# LUCRETIIUS

SPERATA VOLUPTAS SUAVIS AMICITIAE

*Slow Spring that, slipping thro' the silver light,  
Like some young wanderer now returnest home  
After strange years,  
How like to me! to mine thy timorous plight!  
Who quietly near my friendship's altar come  
Where yet no God appears.*

*By many a deed I sought to win his love,  
Made him a wreath of all my songs and hours,—  
Most vain, most fair!  
Now falls about the shroud my years have wove;  
My evening drops her large, slow purple flowers  
Thro' gardens of gold air.*

*To him this verse, to him this crown of leaves,  
My supreme piety shall I commend:  
This is my last,  
Wreathed of what Youth endows and Age bereaves,  
Bound by the fingers of a lover and friend,  
Green with the vital past.*

*We sunder, he my Truth, I the desire.  
I spread my wooing fingers, I would earn  
His least address:  
But parcels of the heaven-dispersèd fire,  
Sky-severed exiles, we divinely learn  
To suffer loneliness.*

*My life was little in joy, little in pain;  
Mine were the wise denials, with none I coped*

*To win the sky;  
And when I surely saw my love was vain—  
The joy of his sweet friendship I had hoped—  
I stilled. Now let me die,—*

*Now that the endless wind is growing warm,  
Richer the star, and flowers on many a slope  
Undo their sheath;  
O let us yield to life's divinest charm  
That lured us thro' the blasted field of hope,  
Let us return to death.*

## AGE IN YOUTH

*From far she's come, and very old,  
And very soiled with wandering.  
The dust of seasons she has brought  
Unbidden to this field of Spring.*

*She's halted at the log-barred gate.  
The May-day waits, a tangled spill  
Of light that weaves and moves along  
The daisied margin of the hill,*

*Where Nature bares her bridal heart,  
And on her snowy soul the sun  
Languors desirously and dull,  
An amorous pale vermillion.*

*She's halted, propped her rigid arms,  
With dead big eyes she drinks the west;  
The brown rags hang like clotted dust  
About her, save her withered breast.*

*A very soilure of a dream  
Runs in the furrows of her brow,  
And with a crazy voice she croons  
An ugly catch of long ago.*

*Its broken rhythm is hard and hoarse,  
Its sunken soul of music toils  
In precious ashes, dust of youth  
And lovely faces sorrow soils.*

*But look! Along the molten sky  
There runs strange havoc of the sun.*

*"What a strange sight this is," she says,  
"I'll cross the field, I'll follow on."*

*The bars are falling from the gate.  
The meshes of the meadow yield;  
And trudging sunsetward she draws  
A journey thro' the daisy field.*

*The daisies shudder at her hem.  
Her dry face laughs with flowery light;  
An aureole lifts her soiled gray hair:  
"I'll on," she says, "to see this sight."*

*In the rude math her torn shoe mows  
Juices of trod grass and crushed stalk  
Mix with a soiled and earthy dew,  
With smear of petals gray as chalk.*

*The Spring grows sour along her track;  
The winy airs of amethyst  
Turn acid. "Just beyond the ledge,"  
She says, "I'll see the sun at rest."*

*And to the tremor of her croon,  
Her old, old catch of long ago,  
The newest daisies of the grass  
She shreds and passes on below. . . .*

*The sun is gone where nothing is  
And the black-bladed shadows war.  
She came and passed, she passed along  
That wet, black curve of scimitar.*

*In vain the flower-lifting morn  
With golden fingers to uprear  
The weak Spring here shall pause awhile:  
This is a scar upon the year.*



## IN SUMMER

*It's growing evening in my soul,  
It darkens in.  
At the gray window now and then  
I hear them toll  
The hour-and-day-long chimes of St. Etienne.*

*Indeed I'd not have lived elsewhere  
Nor otherwise,  
Nor as the dreary saying is  
Been happier,  
To wear the love of life within my eyes.*

*My heart's desolate meadow ways,  
All wet and green,  
Opened for her to wander in  
A little space.  
I'd have it even so as it has been.*

*I've lived the days that fly away,  
I have a tale  
To tell when age has made me pale  
And hair of gray  
Excuse the fancy shaking out her sail.*

*No one shall know what I intend.  
Even as I feel  
The aching voices make appeal  
And swell and blend,  
It seems to me I might stoop down to kneel*

*In memory of that day in June  
When, all the land*

*Lying out in lazy summer fanned  
Now and anon  
By dying breezes from the Channel strand,*

*With nothing in our lives behind,  
Nothing before,  
In sunlight rich as melting ore  
And wide as wind  
We clomb the donjon tower of old Gisors*

*Thro' the portcullis botched in wood  
And up, in fear,  
A ladder'd darkness of a stair,  
Up to the good  
Sun-stricken prospect and the dazzling air. —*

*Even now I shade my breaking eyes. —  
And by her side  
Surely she saw my heart divide  
Like paradise  
For her to walk abroad in at noon-tide.*

*It swims about my memory.  
I feel around  
The country steeped in summer swoond;  
I feel the sigh  
That all these years within her breast was bound*

*Her fingers in my hand are laid.  
I seem to gaze  
Into the colours of her face,  
And there is made  
A quiver in my knees like meadow-grass'.*

*That time I lived the life I have :  
A certain flower  
Blooms in a hundred years one hour,  
And what it gave  
Is richer, no, nor more, but all its power.*

*The chimes have ended for to-day.  
After midnight  
Solitude blows her candle out ;  
Dreams go away,  
And memory falls from the mast of thought.*

IN AMPEZZO

*Only once more and not again—the larches  
Shake to the wind their echo, “Not again,”—  
We see, below the sky that over-arches  
Heavy and blue, the plain*

*Between Tofana lying and Cristallo  
In meadowy earths above the ringing stream:  
Whence interchangeably desire may follow,  
Hesitant as in dream,*

*At sunset, south, by lilac promontories  
Under green skies to Italy, or forth  
By calms of morning beyond Lavinores  
Tyrolward and to north:*

*As now, this last of latter days, when over  
The brownish field by peasants are undone  
Some widths of grass, some plots of mountain clover  
Under the autumn sun,*

*With honey-warm perfume that risen lingers  
In mazes of low heat, or takes the air,  
Passing delicious as a woman’s fingers  
Passing amid the hair;*

*When scythes are swishing and the mower’s muscle  
Spans a repeated crescent to and fro,  
Or in dry stalks of corn the sickles rustle,  
Tangle, detach and go,*

*Far thro’ the wide blue day and greening meadow  
Whose blots of amber beaded are with sheaves,*

*Whereover pallidly a cloud-shadow  
Deadens the earth and leaves:*

*Whilst high around and near, their heads of iron  
Sunken in sky whose azure overlights  
Ravine and edges, stand the gray and maron  
Desolate Dolomites,—*

*And older than decay from the small summit  
Unfolds a stream of pebbly wreckage down  
Under the suns of midday, like some comet  
Struck into gravel stone.*

*Faintly across this gold and amethystine  
September, images of summer fade;  
And gentle dreams now freshen on the pristine  
Viols, awhile unplayed,*

*Of many a place where lovingly we wander,  
More dearly held that quickly we forsake,—  
A pine by sullen coasts, an oleander  
Reddening on the lake.*

*And there, each year with more familiar motion,  
From many a bird and windy forestries,  
Or along shaking fringes of the ocean  
Vapours of music rise.*

*From many easts the morning gives her splendour;  
The shadows fill with colours we forget;  
Remembered tints at evening grow tender,  
Tarnished with violet.*

*Let us away! soon sheets of winter metal  
On this discoloured mountain-land will close,*

*While elsewhere Spring-time weaves a crimson petal  
Builds and perfumes a rose.*

*Away! for here the mountain sinks in gravel.  
Let us forget the unhappy site with change,  
And go, if only happiness be travel  
After the new and strange: —*

*Unless 't were better to be very single,  
To follow some diviner monotone,  
And in all beauties, where ourselves commingle,  
Love but a love, but one,*

*Across this shadowy minute of our living,  
What time our hearts so magically sing,  
To meditate our fever, simply giving  
All in a little thing?*

*Just as here, past yon dumb and melancholy  
Sameness of ruin, while the mountains ail,  
Summer and sunset-coloured autumn slowly  
Dissipate down the vale;*

*And all these lines along the sky that measure,  
Sorapis and the rocks of Mezzodì  
Crumble by foamy miles into the azure  
Mediterranean sea:*

*Whereas to-day at sunrise, under brambles,  
A league above the moss and dying pines  
I picked this little—in my hand that trembles—  
Parcel of columbines.*

## MNEMOSYNE

*It's autumn in the country I remember.*

*How warm a wind blew here about the ways!  
And shadows on the hillside lay to slumber  
During the long sun-sweetened summer-days.*

*It's cold abroad the country I remember.*

*The swallows veering skimmed the golden grain  
At midday with a wing aslant and limber;  
And yellow cattle browsed upon the plain.*

*It's empty down the country I remember.*

*I had a sister lovely in my sight:  
Her hair was dark, her eyes were very sombre;  
We sang together in the woods at night.*

*It's lonely in the country I remember.*

*The babble of our children fills my ears,  
And on our hearth I stare the perished ember  
To flames that show all starry thro' my tears.*

*It's dark about the country I remember.*

*There are the mountains where I lived. The path  
Is slushed with cattle-tracks and fallen timber,  
The stumps are twisted by the tempests' wrath.*

*But that I knew these places are my own,  
I'd ask how came such wretchedness to cumber  
The earth, and I to people it alone.*

*It rains across the country I remember.*

O Gaddi, ope the casement, open wide  
 And prop my pillow. But the window square  
 Of light, of sky! tho' skies of Sicily  
 Are not Firenze's. Ah, Firenze mine!  
 Darkly I feel how's wasting all my life  
 And dulls my brain; Death's guessing at my name.  
 But utter strange it is to die. The word  
 "Life" to my ear rings mournful-rich and stings  
 The sleepy nerve of longing. This is pain—  
 To stifle far from home, the heart suppressed  
 By a handful of such years as other men  
 Make nought of. Mercy of God, what mother e'er  
 Fashioned a heart so brittle, a head and brain  
 Whereof the tissues crack with fever? Why  
 Live? to have tasted life? —and die of't! aye,  
 'Twas little more.

The silly, silly tears.

But Gaddi, look, my head, my arm! Indeed  
 Think you that I revive? Meseemeth now  
 The Spring should soften Fiesole to flower  
 And Colli meadows show to every wind  
 New petals of anemony. How often  
 By the divine immemorable days,  
 By sober afterlight when marvel is  
 And all Firenze turns a smouldering gold—  
 How oft upon the hillside have we heard  
 The melancholy ritornello! Ah  
 What Springs were they! Tell me if ever, since,  
 The night was moonful, or a woman's eye  
 Tearfully asked a softer question?



*How waved the paling heaven's embroidery,  
What wonder woke the odoured bloom of earth,  
What music had the tongue of Tuscany,  
What rhymes! How large a burial is the Past!*

*And thence away to Rome, to sovran Rome.  
What were the sickly earth without its Rome,  
Its gorgeous city where the revels are,  
Dice and cards and the old ecstatic wine  
That glints dark ruby, and superbly eyed  
The rich and unimpassioned courtesans,  
And Leo, Pope—*

*Yes, listen. One great once  
I saw the heavenly Householder, but far  
From's home. Come nearer, Gaddi, hist! Ye know  
The Morosina who has Italia's hair,  
Whose eye is somewhat strangely more than blue,  
Who laughs like beech-leaves ringing in the light;  
Her kisses indolent as a warm rain. . . .  
I dream. The Pope said I? 'Twas winter night.  
The wind fell edged and pointed down the lane  
Beneath the casement many have looked to, where  
Stood I, whistling a feverish tune. And straight  
'Twas oped. I entered. All about mine ear  
I heard "My Lodovico,"—such a sound  
Became the long and melancholy name!  
I drew my mask, and darkly there I saw—  
Nothing, but felt and breathèd veriest Heaven.  
About our kiss did move her tender hair.  
Her breast to mine, her living arms, her brow—  
The memory aches me that it is so dead.  
She led me with a touch like melody*

*That being fore'er more forward in the air  
Still guides. The cold and archèd corridor  
We traversed, I a dreamer sunsetwards  
And she the moving beauty of the day.  
We climbed the stair, a sick moon-gazer I  
Beneath her white and spirit-wingèd moon:  
Till in her chamber with our eyes we lit  
The owlish gloom about her tapestry.  
Upon his horse the hunter moved asleep  
And every falcon turnèd owl. Alone  
The cresset flickered on the fragrant oil,  
Shedding an old small light. And she and I  
We sung the night with kisses low adream.  
She said the wonder things in olden words;  
She made a music languorous as Time  
And rich as Summer, whilst her endless hair  
Seemed Aphrodite's o'er the shallow wave  
Thin-spread at midday. Odour never rose  
Sweet as her breasts', and musically she  
Did often turn her golden head away  
That gazing I might weave and weave my soul  
Into a necklace stringed of sleepy pearl  
Without a clasp. —*

*But then befell the thing.*

*Methought I heard, I heard indeed a door  
Noising—and near. I threw'r aside. "By Christ,  
A snare! now bless me—where's my sword? my mask?"  
"I love thy soul," she sang. "Is't Bembo?" "No."  
"The whorish trade!" Her shaking hand she put  
In mine. The step grew living near. I drew.  
Then most superbly on the threshold poised  
An all-black cavalier, save in the mask*

Two fires. "By Venus," quoth, "a lady's here  
That loves too widely to love well. Good sir,  
Suppose—" "A sword's enough for courtesy."  
He drew a wonder of Toledo blade  
That rang like music. Masterly we fenced  
And plied our gallant art Italian,  
Till on a sudden her most delirious form  
Rushed with a cry betwixt us. But she fell  
Half-sensed. We moved. Then with an elfish pass  
I pierced his hand. The weapon fell to ground,—  
And he was flying,—but next about his waist  
Her tender arms imploring pardon clung.  
He struggled, stumbled, fell; the mask removed;  
By Jesu God in Heaven, verily I  
Then saw great Leo's face, the Pope's of Rome.  
I shuddered as a reed, my brain rocked, all  
Withered together crumbling in my soul:  
I fled, yet with a backward look to see  
The mistress of the gods make of her hair,  
Her golden hair a Pontiff's chasuble.—

Dost thou believe I'm dying of darkish things,  
Of poison—?

Ah, my heart's a crust of ash.  
And glowing chains are piled about my head.  
Raving? Not I. Give me no drugs. The world  
charioted have left in dust behind.  
For I was Poet.—They said, they said "A soft  
Poet, who stole Petrarca's melodies  
And spoiled his robbery." Soft in verse I was,  
A master had I like, forsooth, the rest. . . .

*But nothing timeless said! Full well I know't,  
The shaft is on my heart's bow, poised, unloosed!  
While Raphael delves a ceiling into skies  
Peopling his coloured thought, and Agnolo  
Makes the fresh-quarried adamant to sweat  
Ferocious agony, or in peace reclined  
To look long looks abroad the shifting world.  
I? why, I'd sing for them, I Lodovico  
Martelli. I would send my songs full-sailed  
Over the waves and waters of the years.  
Let them be painter, sculptor: poet, I.  
For your unquiet thoughts, the horrid strong,  
I have them,—writ? not yet! but here's my heart,  
Feel it! so tramped the innumerable host  
When Rome was burned. And very vast a tale  
Were half its history. Often have I stood  
On hills high up, by sorry coasts, alone  
Passing my vision angrily. I thought  
To have plucked the yellow comets by their hair,  
To have braided meteors, and from 'hind the moon  
Robbed her society of chanting tides.  
I'd stand, my back to the seaward cliffs, at bay  
And fight the wave. Completed earth's a leaf  
Turning in space along with the other dust  
That blinds the eye of God.*

*Away, away!*

*Canst see the waters from the window? Help,  
Help, sir. I've clomb Vesuvius of old,  
Tasting its breath—'t was half so steep. Behold,  
Yon rolls in wide and worldly rhythm the sea,  
Greatest and eldest poet. Yonder chants  
The epic wave in rich monotony.*

*Mine eye seems big as heaven. And far abroad  
From Even's distaff floats the purple wool.  
Wet-eyed she sits; the light for love of her  
Becomes a moon but to behold her die—  
The moon—Firenze! Is Firenze near?  
Methinks 'twere half a journey.*

*Ah, but were we there!*

*How fresh her lip is graven on my heart.  
I see her, palely. But—tell me, who knows—  
Is she not waxen, like me, somewhat old?  
For something long has happened. All's ago.  
I was ages ago, and in the world  
We were together young. Say, am I dead  
That I'm so far? Perhaps shall I return.  
Bid Laura wait for April; I return,  
I that so endless loved her, love her. Say:  
"Within the colour-cupped anemonies  
Lieth his heart, and all the leaves are he.  
The gentle ecstasy of earth, the wind  
That lifts so happily thy hair is he,  
And he the Spring that holds thee all about."  
O Gaddi, I shall not return. My mood  
Is his who sits upon a farther shore,  
Waiting and sick.*

*It's night and strangely cold.*

*Go bed! 't is bitter cold. My very breast  
Quivers. Hold me, good Gaddi,—or I shake  
Go death. My body's dry. Christ, what a world!  
Water, good soul, water! Hold thou the cup.*

DOLOROSA

*Thou hadst thy will.  
How weary sounds the rain!  
The firelight wanders in the window-pane.  
Thou art still.*

*Let me a space,  
Now that the daylight dies,  
Lie back against thee and with upward eyes  
Love thy face.*

*Forgive my fear,  
But—darling—hold me fast!  
A little while the heartache will be past.  
Patience, dear.*

*Give me thy hands  
And bending closely o'er  
Lay thy two lips to mine for evermore.  
Death commands.*

## PITY

*An old light smoulders in her eye.  
There! she looks up. They grow and glow  
Like mad laughs of a rhapsody  
That flickers out in woe.*

*An old charm slips into her sighs,  
An old grace sings about her hand.  
She bends: it's musically wise.  
I cannot understand.*

*Her voice is strident; but a spell  
Of fluted whisper silken in—  
The lost heart in a moss-grown bell,  
Faded—but sweet—but thin.*

*She bows like waves—waves near the shore.  
Her hair is in a vulgar knot—  
Lovely, dark hair, whose curves deplore  
Something she's well forgot.*

*She must have known the sun, the moon,  
On heaven's warm throat star-jewels strung—  
It's late. The gas-lights flicker on.  
Young, only in years, but young!*

*One might remind her, say the street  
Is dark and vile now day is done.  
But would she care, she fear to meet—  
But there she goes—is gone.*

## SONG

*A bud has burst on the upper bough  
(The linnet sang in my heart to-day);  
I know where the pale green grasses show  
By a tiny runnel, off the way,  
And the earth is wet.  
(A cuckoo said in my brain: "Not yet.")*

*I nabbed the fly in a briar rose  
(The linnet to-day in my heart did sing);  
Last night, my head tucked under my wing,  
I dreamed of a green moon-moth that glows  
Thro' ferns of June.  
(A cuckoo said in my brain: "So soon?")*

*Good-bye, for the pretty leaves are down  
(The linnet sang in my heart to-day);  
The last gold bit of upland's mown,  
And most of summer has blown away  
Thro' the garden gate.  
(A cuckoo said in my brain: "Too late.")*



RALSTON

*To thee, that all this wretchedness be ended  
And I become in my disaster free,  
I bring my broken life to be amended.  
Take me, O sea,*

*O sea of California, thou Pacific,  
For which the multitude of mortals bound  
Go trembling headlong down and with terrific  
Outcry are drowned.*

*Take me out of the earth that I remain not  
To tell to gossips in a hovel tales  
Of what I was. I who have squandered cannot  
Play with the scales.*

*I who with power and riches stood surrounded  
And gave as princes, and without a throne  
Was King the greater that for name I sounded  
Only my own:*

*I must have gone away, not die nor wither  
But vanish like a rolling sound of brass,  
A comet burst which—without whence or whither  
Or wherefore—was.*

*For men born out of yesterday are yestern,  
For men to-day are of to-day. And we,  
We need only ourselves we men of Western  
Democracy.*

*By my own sinews and own brain, unweakened  
By lineage and generations, I  
Did what I did, and with the wide world reckoned  
To live and die.*

*I gave and had no memory of measure.  
Others can tell who rollicked at my feast;  
And in my palace there was greater pleasure  
Than in the East.*

*I did enjoy and drank the beaker frothing;  
I have kindled the splendours every one.  
Tho' my magnificence to-day be nothing,  
I say, I won,—*

*I won. And fortune cast me her dismissal!  
Of traps and treasures whereof I could say  
'Tis mine! there's not so much as rubbish. This all  
Was yesterday.*

*Squalid and sad where I before did conquer,  
Doubtless again I could have victory,  
Again lie in the golden gates at anchor—  
Receive me, sea!*

*There sinks the sun in dusts of sulphur glowing  
Gibbous and red; and flaking toward the shore  
Like hosts of scarlet willow-leaves bestrewing  
The sapphire floor.*

*And from the country evening scarce arisen  
Out of the flowering oranges the breeze,—  
The breeze will carry me to the horizon,  
To silences*

*Of sky and wave, the dark, the swirling eddy,  
The sinking down out of the vital air,  
And down out of myself, down from the giddy  
Glories that were.*

## DRIFTWOOD

### I

*Heaven is lovelier than the stars,  
The sea is fairer than the shore;  
I've seen beyond the sunset bars  
A colour more.*

*A thought is floating round my mind,  
And there are words that will not come.  
Do you believe, as I, the wind  
Somewhere goes home?*

### II

*In grassy paths my spirit walks.  
The earth I travel speaks me fair  
And still thro' many voices talks  
Of that deep oneness which we are.*

*I love to see the rolling sod  
Mixing and changing ever grow  
To other forms,—and this is God  
And all of God and all we know.*

*I love to feel the dead dust whirled  
About my face, to touch the dust;  
And this large muteness of the world  
Gives me vitality of trust.*

*Here on the earth I lie a space,  
The quiet earth that knows no strife.  
I mix with her and take my place  
In the dark matter that is life.*

### III

*I saw the moon and heard her sing,  
I saw her sing and heard the moon.  
For light and song went wing and wing.*

*So many a ship and many a star  
Abroad the sky and sea are two.  
We know it not for being far.*

*So two fair flowers make a whole  
In corner meadows of the spring.  
It takes two hearts to make a soul;*

*And down the cloudy days they fare  
Married in Beauty, as of old  
The lovers thro' the infernal air.*

### IV

*Between the sun and moon  
A voice now vague now clear—  
Do you hear?—  
Says "Wander on."*

*And on the hearthstone black  
The embers poignantly—  
Do you see?—  
Spell "Come back."*

## REQUIESCAM

*Come to the window! You're the painter used  
To shadow-in pools of light far out to sea,  
Or fix it where the solitary wave  
Rears with a shimmering scoop before the shore,—  
A glorious wave! But now look out awhile  
And love my view, from our suburban height  
The squalid champaign zigzagged by the Seine.*

*I'm old, most of my labour done. My chisel  
One of these days among the pellets of dry clay  
Will lie and rust. I have immensely worked,  
And hitherto seen nothing but the Form  
Staring upon my eyeballs. Years and years,  
Whether alone along the shining streets  
O' the city or in companionship, I've looked  
So long and seen away so fixedly  
That space scrolled up, I seeing none the less:  
Except some shape, some woman lightning-blended,  
Pinned to the ground, lay dreadful in my road.  
O Labour, everlasting vanity,  
That fills her cracking pitcher and falls down  
Face to the earth, the water in her hair!*

*Into a bole of clay all my life long  
I've stared my visions in, and, thumbing, seen  
Materialize obscurely to a line  
The long desire of Nature turning home.  
So strains itself out of the sea a shape  
With loads of weedy tide up to the land,  
Straining to touch and taste, to lose and die,*

*Straining fore'er miserably unsatisfied.  
Between the toad and lyre-bird, 'twixt the snail  
And greyhound all is struggle: the which is vain.  
For by our bases we're firm sunken-down  
In the element: and whenever a little while  
Yearning Illusion flutters up the sky,  
She presently swings to the gasping pitch,  
To fall bolt-like.*

*I say, all my life long close to I've stared  
Into the clay, have with my chisel rasped  
The marble off and stroked the lovely limbs,  
The breasts of women and the lips of boys  
In stone. Again, into the mould I've poured  
The wretched desolation of my dreams  
And bruised here and there the bronze. All this  
I have done my life long, and not so much  
As lifted up my eyes.*

*But now at last  
I pleurably look to either side.  
For I would paint some landscapes ere I die,  
One or two landscapes of the view you see,  
The squalid plain meandered by the Seine.  
There, when there's moon, thro' fumes of gray and bl  
The silver river curls away; beyond  
It's night and vapid darkness infinite.  
And sitting at this window, I suppose  
A pallet on my thumb, and brushes and  
The colours gently mixing with their oil:—  
Leaving my marbles in imagination  
For final solace in a softer art.*

*You, painter, have enjoyed with all your self;  
You've little looked into the dark. But I  
Forged in the night. It's resting-time, I'm old.  
Landscape will ease me somewhat toward the end.*





ERIDE



*Dull words that swim upon the page  
Thro' filmy tears of joy and pain!  
Poor silly words, my only gage!  
Mere words, recurrent as refrain!*

*Ye prove me language less than nought  
And all the loss of utterance.  
Ye give me scraps of withered thought  
And sounds that meet as by a chance.*

*If I should find ye once again,  
If you should come again to me,  
Dull words about my joy and pain,  
Mere words, what would ye signify?*



## ERIDE

### I

*Love, I marvel what you are!  
Heaven in a pearl of dew,  
Lilies hearted with a star—  
All are you.*

*Spring along your forehead shines  
And the summer blooms your breast.  
Graces of autumnal vines  
Round you rest.*

*Birds about a limpid rose  
Making song and light of wing  
While the warm wind sunny blows,—  
So you sing.*

*Darling, if the little dust,  
That I know is merely I,  
Have availed to win your trust,  
Let me die.*

*Brown eyes I say, yet say I blue.  
I think her mouth is a melody,  
Her bosom a petal sunned and new;  
Her hand is a passing sigh.*

*Blue eyes I say, yet somehow brown.  
Her mouth is the verge of all repose;  
Her breast a smoothed-out viol tone;  
Her hand is an early rose.*

*Be her eyes of blue or brown indeed,  
Be colour or music what she is,  
I nothing know. But my life's own need  
Is the fancy of her kiss.*

*Clouds thro' the heaven flit  
Aprilward.  
There's the bud of a violet  
On the sward.  
Branch and breeze sympathize  
Ere they play,—  
I know that it's Spring to-day  
By your eyes.*

*How shall I hold you fast  
Now you are here?  
A tremor, and you have passed.  
And this year  
Only of all is ours  
Only is mine! —  
I see in your blue eyes shine  
All the year's flowers.*

*Hereafter I'll call you Spring,  
Little girl!  
And christen each clustering  
Delicate curl  
Some lovely meadow's name  
In the South,  
Where they say that music and youth  
Stay the same.*

*I held these tulips first, before  
Bringing you them.  
I passed the love I bear you o'er  
Flower and stem.  
And I would leave them at your door,—*

*If at your heart's door they might stand!  
Keeping awhile  
The world behind their petals and  
Crimson smile,—  
Like seas hid by a meadow-land.*

*A trill of leaves is in the wold;  
I feel the wings of summer pass,  
And sunlight in big drops of gold  
Falls on the seedy feathered grass.*

*Some tiny cuckoo never seen  
Blows his own echo mild as mist.  
A deer there, stirring in the green!  
A squirrel, where the branches kissed.*

*Far through, a sweep of aspen-boughs  
And birches whitening tow'rd the crest  
Reclines, like river-grass, and flows  
Along the summer to the West,*

*Farther away, till last of all  
In milky hazes lying furled  
Is—nothing more. 'Tis we recall  
Infinity back to the world.*

*In the bow-window that looks out  
Over the sunset-coloured bay  
We sat one evening, wondering and in doubt.*

*The water plashing on the quay  
Roused the warm air, and half-awake  
One hill we knew was changing golden-gray.*

*We strained our sight upon the lake;  
We dared not anything to say,  
For fear your heart and mine might haply break.*

*Our tired eyes soon filled with tears,  
And we said nothing. But your hand  
Was like a heart that understands and hears.*

*We missed the sunset, love, to-night—  
The sunset on the sea that sings,  
Folding about its heart of light  
The large and melancholy wings.*

*A snowy gull may've moved along  
The rose and gray and violet bands,  
Serene as thought and pure as song,  
Beyond our line of open sands;*

*A moonbeam on the fisher net,  
A sail that lay upon the sea,  
A rim of pebbles darkly wet:  
It all was not for you and me.*

*A sunset lost, a life foregone!  
Beauty that asked our heart and died!*



*What said we? did we match the Sun  
With aught of Heart, my love? — My bride,*

*One look you gave was twice a sky.  
I kissed your hand, you said a word  
That greater is for melody  
Than all the tides a coast-land heard.*

*One sunset lost, one look the more! —  
The night is quieting the foam.  
Hear you? "Come," says the endless shore,  
And all the waves in murmur, "Come."*

*He rests upon her knee his tired head;  
His eye, long worried, sleeps;  
And she, whose perfect love has nothing said,  
Her hand upon his forehead keeps.*

*Thro' darkening windows blows the ancient spring;  
A planet trembles, kind.  
Her large wet eyes are vastly wondering,  
Her happy love resembles wind.*

*The breeze about her finger stirs his hair,  
And her breath rises, falls.  
So their unfolding presence thro' the air  
In soft and low surprises calls.*

*He touches her in dream and follows her,  
For nearness of her fails.  
And the spring night of green and gossamer  
Around beloved and lover pales.*

*I hear you singing in my breast,  
I hear you chanting in my mind.  
Is it the wind?*

*I feel your form upon my eyes,  
I feel your fingers press my sight.  
Is it the night?*

*I hear the little noise of feet  
And footsteps come and come again.  
Is it the rain?*

*And all alone with memory  
My brain grows anxious for the day.  
You're long away.*

*"Will you look down once more, just once?  
Down to the ground and keep your veil  
Drawn o'er your half-guessed countenance  
And smile—so frail?"*

*"Thank you! For I have had a friend  
Whose image came most vividly  
Upon my soul, when with that bend  
You looked from me.*

*"Gone? Yes! you cannot think how far,  
Beyond the uttermost of thought.  
She's grown, as far things do, a star  
In heaven's hand caught.*

*"But stars, you know, are very cold  
And always white. They never bless  
Just you, and in the night's great fold  
Grow vague and less.*

*"And so it's sweet to feel sometimes  
A colour, gesture, sound—a turn  
That makes the heart grow dull with rhymes  
And the soul's lips burn.*

*"Yes! sometimes fast about my heart  
Something troubles me that I knew;  
I find a stranger made me start,  
As now did you.*

*"So pray don't think me rude. That face—  
For the mere memory I would die.  
You've warmed my life with your—her grace.  
Good-night, good-bye."*

*If you should lightly, as I've known you, come  
And find me of an evening crying here  
At open windows of a changing home,  
While beyond garden, houses, tree, and dome  
Fades out the day and year;*

*If you should gently touch my shoulder, and  
Turning I'd see as with a sweet surprise  
You there, above me and about me, stand,  
While the warm sunset passed a lucid hand  
Over your face and eyes;*

*If then you softly, as I've heard you, said  
That all was well, I know not what or why,  
But just for words' sake told me; while your head  
Moved round, you passed away; and in your stead  
An autumn night came by:*

*Still would the happiness of having stood  
With one so nearly you tho' gone so soon,  
Bring to my solitude a little good,—  
As one who's gladdened in a midnight wood  
For having seen the moon.*

*Sometimes you seem so far away,  
The very noise of thinking lulls,  
And, on my vision, colour dulls  
To vapour with sick wings of gray.*

*I wander out of Time and Mind.  
The sense of my own life is lost.  
One thought goes touching like a ghost  
That found yet knows not where to find.*

*And all I know is just the jar  
Of chime that trembles in my ear;  
And all I ask is if the year  
Is never tired as others are.*

*You charm a window in the South,  
Your brow seen by the golden star;  
And through warm dreams the gentle war  
Of thought lures laughter to your mouth.*

*The wind lulls in the olive grove  
And all becomes a vaporous sigh—  
Low preludes to your ecstasy  
Who love too much to think of love.—*

*October is in midnight swoond  
With just a vague gray blot for moon,  
And like a scum the rotting brown  
Of dead leaves drifts along the ground;*

*While I sit waiting for a time  
I know not how, and marvel forth  
Upon the vastness of the North,  
Till marvel mellows into rhyme.*

*I heard a dead leaf run. It crossed  
My way. For dark I could not see.  
It rattled crisp and thin with frost  
Out to the lea.  
My steps I hast'ned, I was lost  
For all the grief that came to me.  
For now and ever thro' the host  
Of sounds that blow from shrub and tree,—  
A little echo sharply tossed,—  
The footstep chills me of her ghost;  
And knowing naught I weep most drearily.*

*There's just a bit of twilight yet,  
A glossy gray that floats the sea  
From yonder, where the daylight set,  
To me.*

*All else is violet growing dark.  
Southward, a sorrow breaks the sky.  
The tide in languor of its mark  
Is high.*

*And old night thickens on the strand.  
There is no motion but the wave's,  
Along the leagues of listening sand  
That raves.*

*And nothing now. The lighthouse lit.  
If ships there be, they're far from coast.  
All's safe. But something infinite  
Is lost.*

*One spot where every day declines  
In a last red ray  
From the circle poised on a hill of pines;*

*One knoll, where an elm's twist-branches play  
With the air, elate;  
And below, our bench of a battered gray:*

*In summer, 't was bright—when the sun sets late,  
Too late for regret!  
And the winds lie down somewhere to wait*

*While daylight goes and gray streaks fret  
The heaven's blues  
And round the mid-sky night's arms are met.*

*But we went to-day and the long sinews  
Of our elm were lame  
With wind that ran in the day's lost clues.*

*Early the sun set, vague and tame.  
Thro' gathering mists  
The rain fell chiding us why we came.*

*A drizzle fills the autumn day.  
The sun will never here come back,  
And weeds and foliage in decay  
Lie dragged in the cart-wheel's track.*

*From blackened woods along the plain  
A vapour passes out, a sound  
Of boughs grown weak thro' nights of rain,  
That sink and shatter on the ground.*

*The meadow turf is all a swamp,  
There's nothing left of summer. Come.  
The air turns dark and deadly damp.  
Come, for it's very far to home.*

*The year for you and me  
Is nearly done.  
The leaves there, two or three,  
Are brown.  
Not a bird sings.  
It is time to think of other things.*

*Your secret was my hope,  
Your deeper name ;  
And you perhaps did ope  
The same. —  
Only the word  
For being spoke yet was not heard.*

*And as a leaf that knows  
It cannot meet  
Another leaf that grows  
So sweet,  
Hearing it call,  
Springs in the autumn wind, to fall:*

*So did I hoping doubt,  
Till thro' the dark  
Falling away, went out  
The spark, —  
Ever to be  
A star gone down below the sea.*

*Not that, if you had known at all,  
You would have done what now you do.  
God knows, no blame shall ever fall  
Of mine on you.  
I only marvel that it all be true.*

*They say that love's a mustard seed  
Upon the acres of the heart ;  
It spreads from one part like a weed  
To another part.  
Yet Spring is single and the days depart.*



*I know not why, but so it is!  
That pain is such a simple thing.  
Here to your hand I bring my kiss,  
And yet nothing  
Can tell you nearly what it is I bring.*

*And why? — It's hard to cipher Fates  
And Distances, as yours from me.  
Not science even separates  
So fixedly; —  
And then we tantalize our destiny!*

*Yes, marvel how the chances cross  
And weave these spider-webs of wire.  
Men live who say there's gain in loss!  
And yet Desire  
Revives like ferns on a November fire.*

*It comes to only a memory.  
We have too many memories,  
And somehow I believe we die  
Of things like these,  
Loving what was not, might not be, nor is.*

*Like a pearl dropped in red dark wine,  
Your pale face sank within my heart,  
Not to be mine, yet always mine.*

*Your eyes, like flowers from apart  
Their frail and shaded gates of dream,  
Looked all a meadow's light astart*

*With sunrise, and your smile did seem  
As when below a letting rain  
The water-drops with sunset gleam.*

*I thought my vision was not vain;  
I felt my cramped heart stir and move  
Which now is pressed with little pain.*

*I dreamed the dream one wonders of,—  
Your face of pearl, so pale and wise.  
I saw, and murmured "Life is Love."*

*The dust of folly filled my eyes.  
I sang, and opened in your name  
Crocuses yellow with moonrise.*

*I played with shadows at their game;  
The meadow thought my song was wind.  
I called the sunrise up: it came.*

*Sweet sun-warmed grasses did I bind  
In fancies of your hair. My song  
Was you, and you were all my mind.—*

*The charm, the splendour, and the wrong  
Will drive you thro' the earth, to try  
Of you and pleasure which is strong,—*

*While I remember. Cry on cry  
My autumn's gone. A horrid blast  
Blows out my sunset from the sky.*

*Nothing is left and all is past;  
Rain settles like a quiet air.*

*And as a pearl in red wine cast  
Glow like a drop of moonlight there,  
Your face possesses my despair.*

*Receive my love; I ask no more.  
Receive, I have no more to give.  
The heart and spirit of me bore  
All of this little gift. Receive!*

*I fancied as in dream I passed  
My arms afraid with care and strove  
About you, to have gleaned at last  
Some late and stilly wished-for love,—*

*No more the wild wide flames that leap  
Out of a moment down our years,  
To smoulder in endangering sleep,  
To glitter under tender tears,—*

*But something dear and gradual  
Within your slowly opening soul:  
Your nearly love, your nearly all  
Which comes with years to be the very whole.*

*You would give otherwise and more,  
Give much more and forget you gave,—  
As over-seas in summer pour  
The wide blue swinging breadths of wave.*

*Yes, and your vision of desire  
Is richer than the sunrise and  
Profounder than the sea and higher  
Than the last light these heavens command.*

*You suffer thirst, and waiting brood  
Impatiently one day to strain  
From out this life of mood and food  
The stuffs of ecstasy and pain : —*

*Till squandering in royal waste  
The passion of your youth upon  
Some pitiable heart, you taste  
The wines and fever of oblivion !*

*I know. — Your dream is mine, that was.  
And quickly far within your eyes  
All of my life began to pass  
And wander out in seas and skies.*

*But you, whom all my life adored,  
While I go following in your way,  
Can not so much as speak the word ; —  
For there be lies no tongue can say.*

*How strange it is, the point we lack  
Just to possess the spirit's own,  
And failing this, to tremble back  
Among unfinished things alone !*

*Pass by, dear heart, — and take from me  
This charm for which a diver dove  
Of old down the unruined sea, —  
And taking mine, give to another thy love.*

No, no, 'tis very much too late.  
 I thought it mockery that you said  
 You loved me; but a certain fate  
 Lowers your voice and bows your head.  
 I tell you, you desire to wake the dead.

'Tis pitiful so to drag out  
 The sorry quarrel in our souls,  
 Till even the blood suspends in doubt  
 And each full impulse backward rolls.  
 Meantime the hour regardless passing tolls.

Yes! think how year on year is gone.  
 You went your way and hummed your dreams  
 Of passion and oblivion  
 In lands where terrible sunbeams  
 Shiver upon the leaping arch of streams.

Your heart was violent and you stretched  
 Tiptoe after the stars your hand! —  
 'Twas but a willow-bough you fetched.  
 The argosies of your command  
 Returned, saying beyond there was no land.

You cursed the woman's life for lame.  
 To do! you cried, and labouring  
 Like men bring in the distant aim! —  
 What was this aim you needs must bring,  
 Your one, your altogether desired thing?

You knew not, doubting day by day.  
 Like yours how many lives are lived!

*How seldom all is given away,  
How little of every gift received!  
How the heart most of all is least believed!*

*When at your going my grief was new  
And the long future all to waste,  
I said farewell to more than you:  
I wandered up into the Past  
And wandering have imagined peace at last.*

*Still, perhaps, under leaves that lie  
You'd feel the roots of sorrow end  
Here in my bosom dyingly:  
Mere threads they are, too frail to tend!  
I've done with my own living, O my friend.*

*For what were gained if I were yours?  
Fever and frenzy of the blood,  
The pleasure which no surfeit cures,  
Endless desire, hunger, feud—  
And, at the end of passion, solitude.—*

*You know how, born by a small hearth,  
While out in the sad dark it snows  
And 'tis for months an unseen earth,  
The soul as by remembrance goes  
After the warm vineyard and burning rose,*

*To live long years by stream and hill  
Within the southern light, with men  
Who speak delicious language:—till  
The pain of being alien  
Urges one elsewhere yet not home again.*

*So are our lives. I love you more.  
But other hearts by destiny  
Must needs possess what they adore  
And have it, to live with and to die,  
To strangle or soothe with kisses. Not so I.*

*By silences within a dream  
And bird-songs of a spring sunrise,  
To the onward measure of a stream  
Nearer the sea where quiet is,  
I love you more, much more, but otherwise.*

*If I have wronged you in the days  
Bygone but unforgotten now,  
I make no pleading for your grace.  
My tongue is bitter. Leave me, go.*

*You have no pity, none. You live  
Impatient and unreconciled.  
Nay, were you a mother, I believe  
You never could well love your child.*

*You've cracked the sense of life and death  
With passions in you that despise  
The thing you love and choke its breath,  
Till unrecriminate it dies,—*

*It dies to you; and nothing then,  
Nor art nor hope nor force nor spell  
Can worry back the lost again,—  
Lost, lost, and irrecoverable.*

*And then, God knows, some things there be  
Where never pardon yet was known:  
What words have leapt from you to me!  
Enough, henceforward I'm my own.*

*Yes, men are selfish—Tell me, you  
Who pluck my thoughts for flying fast,  
Ask all the years to be, and rue  
The unalterably separate past,*

*What is this that is generous?  
Can just a word we used to know  
In childhood, commonly, to us  
Have grown a vulgar riddle so?*

*Sometimes I think we never met,  
Such immense walls of iron and ice  
Between us infinitely set  
Spring blind into the spirit's skies.*

*Sometimes I think we never met,—  
'T had surely better been, to spare  
This nervous wringing of regret,  
This hope that tightens to despair.*

*We have not understood, for all  
We deeply lived and clearly said.  
And without knowledge love must fall,—  
Like this of ours, that lying dead*

*Clamours for burial. It is time,  
It was time in much earlier days,  
Before we soiled our lips with crime,  
That you and I went our two ways.*



*Now in the palace gardens warm with age,  
On lawn and flower-bed this afternoon  
The thin November-coloured foliage  
Just as last year unfastens lilting down,*

*And round the terrace in gray attitude  
The very statues are becoming sere  
With long presentiment of solitude.  
Most of the life that I have lived is here,*

*Here by the path and autumn's earthy grass  
And chestnuts standing down the breadths of sky:  
Indeed I know not how it came to pass,  
The life I lived here so unhappily.*

*Yet blessing over all! I do not care  
What wormwood I have ate to cups of gall;  
I care not what despairs are buried there  
Under the ground, no, I care not at all.*

*Nay, if the heart have beaten, let it break!  
I have not loved and lived but only this  
Betwixt my birth and grave. Dear Spirit, take  
The gratitude that pains, so deep it is.*

*When Spring shall be again, and at your door  
You stand to feel the mellower evening wind,  
Remember if you will my heart is pure,  
Perfectly pure and altogether kind;*

*That not an aftercry of all our strife  
Troubles the love I give you and the faith:  
Say to yourself that at the ends of life  
My arms are open to you, life and death.—*

*How much it aches to linger in these things!  
I thought the perfect end of love was peace  
Over the long-forgiven sufferings.  
But something else, I know not what it is,*

*The words that came so nearly and then not,  
The vanity, the error of the whole,  
The strong cross-purpose, oh, I know not what  
Cries dreadfully in the distracted soul.*

*The evening fills the garden, hardly red;  
And autumn goes away, like one alone.  
Would I were with the leaves that thread by thread  
Softens to soil, I would that I were one.*

SONNETS



## SONNETS

*You say, Columbus with his argosies  
Who rash and greedy took the screaming main  
And vanished out before the hurricane  
Into the sunset after merchandise,  
Then under western palms with simple eyes  
Trafficked and robbed and triumphed home again :  
You say this is the glory of the brain  
And human life no other use than this?  
I then do answering say to you : The line  
Of wizards and of saviours, keeping trust  
In that which made them pensive and divine,  
Passes before us like a cloud of dust.  
What were they? Aëtors, ill and mad with wine,  
And all their language babble and disgust.*

*They say that Cleopatra who of yore  
Received the moon on her dishevelled hair,  
Looking into his eyes, and breathed the fair  
Low wind along Mediterranean's shore  
When Summer swelled the stars,—Now at her door  
The wanderer sees her like a jewel flare,  
And drawn by passion thro' the beating air  
To her, he falls, her dagger at the core.  
Through rifts of scudding shadow, while his trance  
Blackens in death, he feels about him lean  
Her olive breasts and arms, and in her glance  
Great wings of fire and midnight closing in:  
His wasting arms do make a vain advance.  
So I unto the life I would have been.*

*They lived enamoured of the lovely moon,  
The dawn and twilight on their gentle lake.  
Then Passion marvellously born did shake  
Their breasts and drave them into the mid-noon.  
Their lives did shrink to one desire, and soon  
They rose fire-eyed to follow in the wake  
Of one eternal thought,—when sudden brake  
Their hearts. They died, in miserable swoon.  
Of all their agony not a sound was heard.  
The glory of the Earth is more than they.  
She asks her lovely image of the day:  
A flower grows, a million boughs are green,  
And over moving ocean-waves the bird  
Chases his shadow and is no more seen.*

*She started up from where the lizard lies  
 Among the grasses' dewy hair, and flew  
 Thro' leagues of lower air until the blue  
 Was thin and pale and fair as Echo is.  
 Crying she made her upward flight. Her cries  
 Were naught, and naught made answer to her view.  
 The air lay in the light and slowly grew  
 A marvel of white void in her eyes.  
 She cried: her throat was dead. Deliriously  
 She looked, and lo! the Sun in master mirth  
 Glowed sharp, huge, cruel. Then brake her noble eye.  
 She fell, her white wings rocking down the abyss,  
 A ghost of ecstasy, backward to earth,  
 And shattered all her beauty in a kiss.*



*My friend, who in this March unkind, uncouth,  
 Biding the full-blown Summer and the skies  
 That change not, stayest unmoved and true and wise  
 That in thy love thou lovest not me but Truth,  
 What should we fear that Age corrode with ruth  
 Our loves, who love the thing that never dies,  
 Building us archways unto Paradise  
 Of all that greets the soul's all-flowering youth?  
 So is it, that often parted, rarely met,  
 And never blessed with gifts of genial Time  
 Wherein might grow the seed we have but sown,  
 Our hearts remember tho' our minds forget  
 How on from year to year and clime to clime  
 Stretches the love that makes of all but one.*

*Your image walks not in my common way.  
 Rarely I conjure up your face, recall  
 Your language, think to hear your footstep fall  
 In my lost home or see your eyes' sweet play.  
 Rather you share the life that sees not day,  
 Immured within the spirit's deep control,  
 Where thro' the tideless quiet of the soul  
 Your kingdom stretches far and far away.  
 For these our joys and griefs are less than we.  
 The deeper truths ask not our daily thought—  
 Their strength is peace, they know that we believe.  
 And whatsoever of sublime there be  
 Reaches and deepens and at last is wrought  
 Into that life we are but do not live.*

*Were you called home and I were left to grief,  
I'd not go down disconsolate to the shore  
And brooding mix my language in the roar  
Of waves in spasm upon the tortured reef;  
Nor climb the lonely mountain where the leaf  
Sings its wide whisper and the ravens soar  
From shadows of unholy ellebore  
Loved by the owlets, blind and dull and deaf.  
I should not loudly mourn and vex the earth  
With strewings of my ashes; none would find  
My reft soul's sorrow in the gushing eye.  
But my dull world would be a world of dearth,  
Cheerless the sunrise, the sweet sky unkind  
And life grayer, my heart not asking why.*

*How strange, beneath the blue and happy sky  
And the reviving greenery of the trees  
So pale their shadow blows along the breeze,  
To read on polished graves the little cry  
Of this delirious immortality!  
Well was it said for all, for each of these  
"The poor in heart," who still in death displease  
The flowers and wind and youth that passes by.  
How but for them the children of the earth  
Here, where the grass is fresh and glittering,  
Would share with herb and beast the common birth!  
And when they'd played away this day of Spring  
How sweetly would they fold at evening  
Their petals, hands, and wings at nature's hearth.*

*When I hereafter shall recover thee  
And, on the further margin fugitive  
Silently bringing up, if aught survive  
The raging wind and old disastrous sea,  
I disembark, O darling, verily  
To hold thee to my heart, to feel alive  
The tremor of thy lips, thy bosom,—it will drive  
The dark in shreds out of eternity.  
Sometimes I ask me why the morning sun  
Returns or later, when the day is done,  
I let the dreams about my pillow strain;  
But then it sounds across my dying brain  
Like torrents in the moonlight foaming on  
Between enormous mountains to the plain.*

*Tho' inland far with mountains prisoned round,  
Oppressed beneath a space of heavy skies,  
Yet hear I oft the far-off water-cries .  
And vague vast voices which the winds confound.  
While as a harp I sing, touched with the sound  
Most secret to its soul, the visions rise  
In stately dream, and lifting up my eyes  
I see the naked mountains beacon-crowned.  
Far in the heaven the golden moon illumes,  
The crowded stars toil in the webs of night  
And the sharp meteors seam the higher glooms.  
Then shifts my dream: the mellow evening falls;  
Alone upon the shore in the wet light  
I stand, and hear the infinite sea that calls.*

*These are my murmur-laden shells that keep  
 A fresh voice tho' the years be very gray.  
 The wave that washed their lips and tuned their lay  
 Is gone, gone with the faded ocean sweep,  
 The royal tide, gray ebb and sunken neap  
 And purple midday,—gone! To this hot clay  
 Must sing my shells, where yet the primal day,  
 Its roar and rhythm and splendour will not sleep.  
 What hand shall join them to their proper sea  
 If all be gone? Shall they forever feel  
 Glories undone and worlds that cannot be? —  
 'Twere mercy to stamp out this aged wrong,  
 Dash them to earth and crunch them with the heel  
 And make a dust of their seraphic song.*

*Tho' lack of laurels and of wreaths not one  
Prove you our lives abortive, shall we yet  
Vaunt us our single aim, our hearts full set  
To win the guerdon which is never won.  
Witness, a purpose never is undone.  
And tho' fate drain our seas of violet  
To gather round our lives her wide-hung net,  
Memories of hopes that are not shall atone.  
Not wholly starless is the ill-starred life,  
Not all is night in failure, and the shield  
Sometimes well grasped, tho' shattered in the strife.  
And here while all the lowering heaven is ringed  
With our loud death-shouts echoed, on the field  
Stands forth our Nike, proud, tho' broken-winged.*

*Live blindly and upon the hour. The Lord,  
Who was the Future; died full long ago.  
Knowledge which is the Past is folly. Go,  
Poor child, and be not to thyself abhorred.  
Around thine earth sun-wingèd winds do blow  
And planets roll; a meteor draws his sword;  
The rainbow breaks his seven-coloured chord  
And the long strips of river-silver flow:  
Awake! Give thyself to the lovely hours.  
Drinking their lips, catch thou the dream in flight  
About their fragile hairs' aërial gold.  
Thou art divine, thou livest,—as of old  
Apollo springing naked to the light,  
And all his island shivered into flowers.*



*Be still. The Hanging Gardens were a dream  
That over Persian roses flew to kiss  
The curlèd lashes of Semiramis.  
Troy never was, nor green Skamander stream.  
Provence and Troubadour are merest lies.  
The glorious hair of Venice was a beam  
Made within Titian's eye. The sunsets seem,  
The world is very old and nothing is.  
Be still. Thou foolish thing, thou canst not wake,  
Nor thy tears wedge thy soldered lids apart,  
But patter in the darkness of thy heart.  
Thy brain is plagued. Thou art a frightened owl  
Blind with the light of life thou'ldst not forsake,  
And Error loves and nourishes thy soul.*

*When first this canvas felt Giorgione's hand,  
 From out his soul's intensity he drew  
 In lines most acrid yet superbly few  
 A man,—a soul, whose water at command  
 Of pain had stiffened to ice, whom grief had banned,  
 Till music even and harmony's rich dew  
 Fell fruitless. Poised, defiant and calm he threw  
 To the earth that wronged him his life's reprimand.  
 Yet, as he drew, a wind mellow with dole  
 Of past life as of sea-coast pine did rise  
 And warm the rigour of the painter's soul.  
 For his tear-moistened fingers warmed the froze  
 Hard colours of the cheek, and in the eyes  
 Set the large stare of Sorrow's Nevermore.*

*The melancholy year is dead with rain.  
Drop after drop on every branch pursues.  
From far away beyond the drizzled flues  
A twilight saddens to the window pane.  
And dimly thro' the chambers of the brain,  
From place to place and gently touching, moves  
My one and irrecoverable love's  
Dear and lost shape one other time again.  
So in the last of autumn for a day  
Summer or summer's memory returns.  
So in a mountain desolation burns  
Some rich belated flower, and with the gray  
Sick weather, in the world of rotting ferns  
From out the dreadful stones it dies away.*

*As a sad man, when evenings grayer grow,  
Desires his violin, and call to call  
Tunes with unhappy heart the interval;  
Then after prelude, suffering his bow,  
Along the crying strings his fingers fall  
To some persuasion born of long ago,  
While mixed in higher melodies the low  
Dull song of his life's heard no more at all:  
So with thy picture I alone devise,  
Passing on thy uncoloured face the tone  
Of memory's autumnal paradise;  
And all myself for yearning weary lies  
Fallen to but thy shadow, near upon  
The void motion of eternities.*

*He said: "If in his image I was made,  
I am his equal and across the land  
We two should make our journey hand in hand  
Like brothers dignified and unafraid."  
And God that day was walking in the shade.  
To whom he said: "The world is idly planned,  
We cross each other, let us understand  
Thou who thou art, I who I am," he said.  
Darkness came down. And all that night was heard  
Tremendous clamour and the broken roar  
Of things in turmoil driven down before.  
Then silence. Morning broke, and sang a bird.  
He lay upon the earth, his bosom stirred;  
But God was seen no longer any more.*



LAKEWARD





## LAKEWARD

*'T*will soon be sunrise. Down the valley waiting  
Far over slope and mountain-height the firs  
Undulate dull and furry under the beating  
Heaven of autumn stars.

To westward yet the summits hang in slumber  
Like frozen smoke; there, growing wheel on wheel,  
As 'twere an upward wind of rose and amber  
Goes up the sky of steel;

And indistinguishable thro' the valley  
An endless murmur freshens as of bees,—  
The stream that gathering torrents frantically  
Churns away thro' the trees.—

Mountains, farewell! Into your crystal winter  
To linger on unworlded and alone  
And feel the glaciers of your bosom enter  
One and another my own,

And on the snow that falling edges nearer  
To lose my very shade,—'twere well, 'twere done  
Had I not in me the soul of a wayfarer!  
No, let me wander down

The road that, as the boulders higher and higher  
Go narrower each to each and hold the gloom,  
Follows like me the waters' loud desire  
Of a sun-sweetened home.

*And as I pass, methinks once more the Titan  
From in the bosom of the humid rocks,  
Where yet his aged eyes grow vague and whiten  
Weary and wet his locks,*

*Gazes away upon this brightened weather  
As asking it in reason and in rhyme  
How long shall mountain iron and ice together  
Hold against summer-time.*

*Long, surely! long, perhaps! but not for ever.  
Now here across the buried road and field,  
Torn from the dizzy flanks up there that quiver,  
Down to the plain and spilled*

*In sand and wreckage lies the avalanche's  
Dead mass under the sun, and not a sound! —  
The morning grows and from the rich pine-branches  
Shadows make blue the ground.*

*To wander south! Already here the grasses  
Feather and glint across the sunny air.  
It's warmer. Up the road a peasant passes  
Brown-skinned and dark of hair.*

*Some of an autumn glamour on the highway  
Softens the dust, and yonder I have seen  
Catching the sunlight something in the byway  
Else than an evergreen,*

*And weeds along the ditch are parching.— Sudden  
Once more from either side the ranges draw  
Near each to each; beneath struggle and madden  
Down in the foamy flaw*

*The waters, and, a span across, the boulders  
Stand to the burning heaven upright and cold.  
Then drawing lengthily along their shoulders  
Vapours of white and gold*

*Blow from the lowland upward; all the gloaming  
Quivers with violet; here in the wedge  
The tunnelled road goes narrow and outcoming  
Stealthily on the edge*

*Lies free. The outlines have a gentle meaning.  
Willows and clematis, foliage and grain!  
And the last mountain falls in terraces to the greening  
Infinite autumn plain.*

*O further southward, down the brooks and valley, on  
And past the lazy farms and orchards, on!  
It smells of hay, and thro' the long Italian  
Flowerful afternoon*

*Sodden with sunlight, green and gold, the country  
Suspends her fruit and stretches ripe and still  
Between the clumsy fig and silver plane-tree  
Circled, from hill to hill*

*And down the vale along the running river :  
The vale, the river and the hills, that take  
The perfect south and here at last for ever  
Merge into thee, O Lake! —*

*Sunset-enamoured in the autumnal hours!  
When large and westering his heavy rays  
Fall from the vineyards and the garden-flowers  
Hazily o'er thy face,*

*And colouring thy bosom with a lover's  
Warm and quick lips and hesitating hand,  
He murmurs to thee while the twilight hovers  
Lilac about the strand,*

*Thou, mid the grape-hung terraces low-levelled,  
Lookest into the green and crimson sky  
With swimming eyes and auburn hair dishevelled,  
Radiant in ecstasy. —*

*'Tis evening. In the open blueness stretches  
A feathery lawn of light from moon to shore,  
And a boat-load of labourers homeward plashes,  
Singing "Amor, Amor."*

PROMETHEUS PYRPHOROS

TO E. F.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PANDORA.

PYRRHA.

PROMETHEUS.

EPIMETHEUS.

DEUKALION.

THE VOICES OF ZEUS.

# PROMETHEUS PYRPHOROS

SCENE. *The plain of Haimonia. In the centre, a rude stone dwelling, in the door of which stands PROMETHEUS. The voice of PANDORA always as from within. Total obscurity, nothing on the scene being distinguishable.*

DEU. *[crawling in].*

*How dark it is, how dark and miserable!*

PYR. *Is't thou, Deukalion?*

DEU. *Ah, thy voice! It's I.*

*My moment's journey seems a dreadful year.*

*I see nothing—Where? where? is home here?*

PYR. *Yes.*

*Thou soundest surely nearer. How—*

DEU. *At last.*

*O woman, what is this that makes us be,*

*Threading like worms the cavern where before—*

PYR. *Shows there as yet no daylight?*

DEU. *No, nowhere.*

*This dark can never lift, this heavy night*

*Which lies and stagnates infinitely. No,*

*It cannot lift, I know not when it fell;*

*Scarce I remember how seemed the white sunlight,*

*So debile is my memory and the brain*

*Clean hollowed out.*

PYR. *All round me and within*

*It is like pools of cold. But firewood—say,*

*Bring'st thou any?*

DEU. *Aye, but prithee to what end?*

*I crawled abroad the fields there picking up*

*Some herbs to eat, and fuel; but this I know,*

*The tinder holds no longer any spark*

*And fire is vanished irrecoverably.*

PYR. *Nay, try once more.*

DEU. *Try once again forsooth!*

*I care not, for the trial's vain. Once more!*

*I'll rub the sticks again together. No,*

*They breed no heat.*

PYR. *I'll pile the firestuff—wait—*

*Lest the one spark be lost.*

DEU. *The spark is dead,*

*I say, the light has ended, and henceforth*

*Misery and blackness unendurable*

*Stand in the eyes that saw, the hearth that burned.—*

*I draw no fire.*

PYR. *Where art thou? Flints, here—strike again.*

DEU. *So did I a thousand times and nothing leapt.*

*Alas!*

PYR. *Ah me, how dark it is and cold.*

PRO. [*aside*].

*It bursts the heart to see them suffer thus.*

DEU. *Strange, strange how since the fatal evening all*

*This mound of darkness fell. Father Prometheus*

*Then cheated God and offered him in guile*

*Wind-eggs and unsubstantial things: wherefor*

*We people pay the wrath that never ends,*

*Life in the dark and obscure loneliness,—*

*Knowing nor when to sleep nor when to wake,*

*Eating what herbs we gather here, abroad*

*The plain grazed by the kine we cannot find.*

*I hear them in the dark: they toss their heads,*

*Having slept much too long, and wander on*

*And trample, or halting with outstretched neck*

*Low stubborn none knows where, far thro' the night.*



Hear them!

PAN. [*singing*].

*As a poplar feels the sun's enfolding kiss,  
And softly alone on the quiet plain  
Yields to him all her silver trellises,  
A ghost of green in the golden rain,  
And trembles lightly thro' the shining air  
Nearly unseen and melting in sky  
Save for a shadow on the grasses there:  
So over the earth and world am I.  
The lips of Gods and mortals in a dream  
Have lain on my lips of a summer night:  
They fade like images down-stream,  
But I have remained behind the light.  
I give the giver more than that he sought,  
And more than I give am I, much more:  
As words are to an everlasting thought,  
So less than the mother the child she bore.*

PYR. What says she?

DEU. *A time ago, the God of Gods  
Zeus came to adore her, and the immortal arms  
Closing about her gave her travailing.*

PYR. Did he so?

DEU. *Aye, like a master so he did.*

PYR. *She knows perchance then something, knows perhaps  
If we're thus brutishly to suffer always and  
Forever gaze upon this frozen void.—  
Know'st thou our fate, Pandora? Tell me, mother!—  
She has not heard.*

DEU. *Or sorrow blocks her ears.  
For ever since God approached her, on the ground,*

*Her silence threaded by dull murmurs, lone  
She sits up stonelike 'gainst the rude house-wall.  
On hand and knee some while ago I crawled  
Up to her, and, saying our heavy troubles, passed  
Over her cool immobile face my hand;  
I kissed her eyes, I touched and held her chin:  
But all that while she said nothing to me,  
Remaining passive, silent, pitiless,  
Albeit her eyes were very wide awake.*

P Y R. *The pensive cannot sleep.*

D E U. *O misery,  
Would that I were asleep a long long time,  
Beyond to-morrow and the summer's end!  
Nay, sometimes down my dark bewildered brain  
Stumble fantastic hopes that—like the birds  
I've found afield dismembered and undone,  
Like beasts that shut their swimming eyes, and leaves  
That eddy dizzily down the nervous wind—  
So we may fail and fall, be swept away  
From what we are.*

P Y R. *I too, Deukalion.  
Labour at last is shame within the soul.  
Have I not faithfully day after day  
Uptorn the crusty earth and smashed the clots,  
Scattering with thee the everlasting seeds?  
Have I not homeward carried every day  
Upon my head pitchers of spring-water  
And packs of straw for bedding; and arranged  
This place we live in cleanly and cheeringly?  
Yes, here have I within thy warm embrace  
Season on season, long with agony,  
My brain sunstricken and my body sick*

*With travelling the dreadful acres, borne  
Daughters and sons and sons and daughters; whom  
At midnight then, against their crying, alone  
I rocked in my exhausted arms, I suckled  
And bending watched, till, as between my brows  
It hammered thuds of slumber, very late  
A little thin gray morning thro' the chinks  
Told the disaster of another day.  
And I have reared them and pitifully taught them,  
My hand upon their hair, my broken truths,—  
So laboured in their welfare! and in pain  
So scourged their weakness! Woe is me, alas!  
They never gave me thanks, no, nor so much  
As looked a little in my hungry eyes.  
Rather, against the time of strength, rebellious  
They fret their freedom out, and last of all  
Abandoning me for another world  
Go down the sunset, being seen no more.*

DEU. *Yes, over fields we sowed they went away,  
Trampling our harvest down. And here we lie  
All hedged in with hoar and darkness, old  
For staring on the sodden vacancy.  
I would I knew what thing is in my heart  
To stamp away so hardly! but for it,  
I'm that much tired and aching-desolate  
I'd pass away in earth.*

PRO. [*aside*]. *How horrible  
Is now become their life!*

PYR. *It wearies me  
To think of further being, against the time  
Not yet bygone. For then it needs must be  
My breasts will shrivel up, my faded flesh*

*Starve on the joints, and all the bloom I was,  
The rose and perfume of their pleasure, shrink  
Into a thing of shame.*

DEU. *Beyond recall  
The labour of our lives now desiccates.  
Our sweat was poured for nothing; we have bled  
Wounded with ignorance in such a task  
As irks one in the very memory of 't.*

PRO. *[coming forward].  
Then let us now remember nothing more,  
But blindly hope in spite of all. And I  
Who once defied the Gods, again to-day  
Stand and demand our dignities of them.  
We will not suffer thus, we will not go  
Darkly and despicably tumbling down  
The road of life. For we be something more;  
Nor quite in vain infinite earth obeys  
The plough we fashioned. All indeed is ours!  
We are the crown of nature and her lord.*

DEU. *O hold thy peace, desperate man! The Gods,  
Thy littleness to show, have now been pleased  
To take, for matter of their anger, us  
Who serviceably did our common task.  
Thou pil'st our suffering up. What is thy heart  
To bring curse after curse upon thy children, all  
For idle show in the face of destiny?*

PRO. *'Tis time we stood up as before, and looked,  
Brushing the meshes from our forehead, forth  
Upon the sunshine and the rolling corn.*

DEU. *To bring upon this woman and me, upon  
All generations, vanity and a life  
Fatal and stupid as the stones.*

PRO.

Enough,

*Thou art mine enemy! For a little pain  
Thou givest justice to the dogs. Aside!  
Hinder my thoughts no more. Alone to-day  
I shall restore the light.*

PYR.

O father mine,

*I nothing say who love thee evermore.  
Give us the light and life, give us the hope,  
That we may never question but abide  
Unthinkingly by what is set before.  
Lay thy two hands upon my brow, and smile  
Tho' the night hide thy sweetness. Say the word,  
Give us the promise. We believe thy strength.  
For see, we suffer and so scarcely endure  
That nothingness were better far, and ev'n  
The being unborn a wholly happy thing.*

PRO.

*Yes, woman, word and promise hold: I swear 't  
By me and thee who bearest in the world  
The sweeter burden and the sharper pain.  
This night is not fore'er nor long, and soon  
Between the cliffs of darkness issuing shall  
The day its thousand arrows pour abroad  
Here where we lived—and shall in other years  
Live and increase, our children's children, on  
To generations jealous as the Gods.  
This will I do, and if they stood in rank,  
Yet will I storm them, winning back the fire  
And scattering the hope that cannot die.*

DEU.

*What misery will be ours!*

PYR.

Speak to the end.

*'Tis sweet to dream on what not yet has been.*

PRO.

*'Twere sure a shame to grovel at the doors*

*And ask a pittance, when the Lord is I.*

DEU. *Necessity!*

PRO. *We change and pass away,  
But so in changing have some mastery, we  
Revolving make progression, we endure  
In virtue of desire and hope dissatisfied,  
And, thro' disaster struggling, at the last  
Fetch in salvation and the human end.  
This for now! nay, only a little space  
Of twilight is before, a dubious interval  
After the night, this side of day, as tho'  
We stood upon the threshold momentarily  
Where morning meets with evening passing by.  
Therefore in tears no longer dreaming, now  
Turn, tho' your hearts be broken, turn your eyes  
Dayward, and quelling all lament with hope  
Wait for my coming homeward. I declare  
I will go bring the sunlight in my hands  
Back from God's citadel and home to us.*  
[He goes away.]

PAN. [*singing*].

*Before my eyes they come and go;  
The shadows on my dreaming face  
Move to and fro,  
Yet I look further over larger ways.  
For pity is not of that nor this,  
And kindness stretches out her arm  
On all that is,  
To keep the grass-blade and the star from harm.  
She kisses every dying wave  
Into the sweetness of her trust,  
And stoops to save*

*The bird that sank from heaven into dust.—  
 The battle hurtles long and loud  
 Between the mountains and the sea;  
 The yellow cloud  
 Crashes the woods in sunder tree by tree,  
 And struggling over land and main  
 The generations masterful  
 With greed and pain  
 Scatter upon the turf a brother's skull:  
 I walk the places where they drove  
 And sing my song where all is cursed.  
 Then, for my love,  
 The child will play again, the flower burst.*

- DEU. *What a strange mournful voice is hers!*  
 PYR. *No, no! I feel a happiness bringing leaves  
 Upon the branches, and the night is less  
 Between now and to-morrow! Oh, to-morrow—*  
 DEU. *Thine, woman, is a silly heart, and trust  
 Is in thy being like a malady.  
 Father Prometheus, greatest of us all,  
 Avails not with his majestic arrogance  
 To wrench from God the blessing he denies.  
 And we be cursed! I know not wherefore, no,  
 I cannot say what mischief, thine or mine,  
 Merited punishment: but we be cursed  
 Beyond our father's valour to revoke,—  
 And I believe, to pay his awful deed,  
 He will hang out in anguish crucified  
 Upon the giddy ramparts of the world  
 While we mysteriously damned shall hide  
 Here at night's bottom to the last of time.*

- EPI. *Deukalion!*  
 DEU. *Here, father, this way home.*  
 EPI. *Deukalion!*  
 DEU. *Here, here! Thou seekest us?*  
*What is't?*  
 EPI. *I've journeyed hopeless and too long,*  
*Nothing before but darkness and behind*  
*This endless shadow of my memory.*  
 PYR. *Poor heart! thou lovest overmuch the past.*  
*But happiness is toward, the night will end.*  
 DEU. *Heed her not, Epimetheus! Thy brother*  
*Has spoiled her brain with promises and words.*  
 EPI. *Where is he?*  
 DEU. *Come to fetch the fire again,*  
*To kindle back the world to what it was.*  
 EPI. *The fool! He struggles forward evermore,*  
*Like one who stumbles; but the sadder thought*  
*Never constrains him, that futurity*  
*Is dead with phantoms of the things bygone,—*  
 DEU. *Aye, and alive with sufferings that are.*  
*He's wild and rolls like whirlwind up a steep,*  
*Leaving but ruin.*  
 EPI. *When I consider time,*  
*Remembering all my pastimes and the haunts*  
*Where clustered flowers erewhile that one by one*  
*Shone either side the path of what I was,*  
*My bosom fills more than to hold with pain,*  
*And yearning, like a swallow in the void,*  
*Strains aching, dropping down, down endlessly.*  
 PYR. *Come nearer that I rest thee in my arms.*  
 PAN. [*singing*].  
*Many who have only dreamed of me*



*Have grown unhappy and lost their years.  
They gather the daisies thoughtfully,  
Then throw them away and burst in tears.  
Their eyes are filled—for they looked so long—  
With the sunset-light of my aureole;  
Their lips will quiver to utter song,  
And the spring lies swelling under their soul.  
For their hand in a woman's hand is laid  
And between a woman's breasts their brow.  
For a while they feel no longer afraid  
With the sky above and the earth below:  
But never the whole and the fulness come.  
Their eyes are blind with another light.  
They walk through echoes and have no home,  
Like shadows waving upon the night.*

EPI. *Pandora's voice.*

PYR. *Obscure and pitiful.*

DEU. *What sawest thou on thy travel?*

EPI. *No daylight.*

*Nor anything on before; but at my back  
Remembrance made a weary song, chanting  
The mellow seasons that have gone away.*

DEU. *And bringest nothing?*

EPI. *No.*

DEU. *How profitless,*

*Thou and thy brother, elders tho' ye be,  
Worry the time out and defeat yourselves.  
One storms gigantic up the heavens; thou  
Triest to die with thine own memory.*

PYR. *Leave him, Deukalion, for he is so sad.*

DEU. *Aye, 'tis we suffer their temerities,*

*And back and forth, to ends we know not of,  
Madden between to-morrow and yesterday.*

PYR. *Father, be comforted! And if it please thee,  
According to thy fancy, nothing forced,  
Sing us meanwhile a rune here in the night.  
For song is very like a summer fern  
Sweeter for dark; and we sad winter birds  
Will dream a little while more pleasantly.*

EPI. *[chanting].*

*The noise in the eternal heart abates.  
The valley of the world is blotted out,  
And either end the boulders on the gates  
Are pushed across and shut.  
The mountains in the dark are growing small.  
No wind is any more upon the lea.  
The stone has frittered from the waterfall  
Down rivers to the sea.  
The uttermost is swelling out in void,  
In total night, more cold and emptier  
Around the ghost of that which is destroyed,  
The breath of things that were.*

*[A long silence.]*

PYR. *Hush, for I hear him.*

DEU.

*Say!*

PYR.

*Prometheus*

*Is coming. All thro' my blood the pulses knock,  
I see the flames—they crackle.*

DEU.

*Her brain is wild.*

EPI. *I feel like echoes of the lost daylight—*

PYR. *He comes, he comes. Nay, look how fast the light  
Rolls gaining on the dark and urges back  
Like windy boulders of obscurity.*

*His step! I hear him, I see him—Prometheus!*

PRO. [*shouting from far*].

*This torch will light our lives. Rejoice! up, up!  
I say we have the sunlight back again.*

DEU. *How sharp a dazzle races the empty air!  
I see nothing.*

EPI. *It reddens in my two eyes,  
My brain is needled thro' with pain.*

PRO. [*rushing in with a torch, lights the pyre*].

*Rejoice,*

*The lost is won! Our dignities once more  
Resume their proper thrones, and we are men.*

PYR. *Thy forehead shines like morning! on thy neck  
I lay my arms—but the light kills—*

PRO. *No, come*

*And gladden! Logs here and pitch and all that burns,  
That kindles, flames. Bring, pile it high as heaven,  
Along like rivers and across like fields!*

*'T has dawned at last, such dawn as ne'er before  
Tore the wide sky. From out bottomless chasms  
Fountains jet glittering up into the sky  
And hailstone sparks descend, tumbling like sand  
Over the mountains swollen in conflagration.*

DEU. *Stay, Father, hear me!*

PRO. *I have it from the Gods.*

*Aye, from the hearthstone of the Gods I caught  
This fire and hope and knowledge won to us—  
My torch be brandished in the face of Zeus!*

EPI. *Brother, be softer in triumph or we die.*

PRO. *Still was it night, thick night, when I at the base  
Of their enormous mountain stood, around me  
A blacker gloom, foliage and bearded firs,*

*All of a forest's heaviness: thro' which  
Down from the summit wanderingly quired  
Amazing echoes of a festival,  
Of instruments and choral song. Below  
Sounded, like vast itinerant herds afield  
Under the night, the torrents rumbling on.  
There I began. Sheer up the night, alone  
And without fear, catching ahold of pines  
To swing me higher or stay me from recoil,  
I climbed. Beneath my trample brushwood crashed  
In the spongy soil, and snapped the twigs short-off.  
Behind, dislodged, stone after stone bounded  
Down thumping to the depths. But straightaway  
I groped thro' snarls of ragged boughs that scratched  
My visage blind, and tore the weedy shrubs  
Which like fine cordage knotted my feet back:  
So floundered up the dumb dead humid night.  
Soon thinned the forestry. From tree to tree  
Espaced, the ground lay tamer,—moss and herbs,  
A softness underfoot. Then, not a pine,  
But blind and weary slopes of shale that passed  
Upward in the deserted gloom. I gasped—  
'Twas icy still and thin, and very sweet  
With unseen flowers, the last of earthly things  
Carelessly blooming in immensity,  
Where still I mounted like an arrow shot  
Up with revenge and scorn to the midnight clouds.  
Sudden the windier air froze and my feet  
Crunched snow which even in such a dark as was  
Shone bluely with a smothered light away  
To the summit. At my throat I felt the void;  
It stung my sweated face. I stamped the crust,*

*And step by step ascending wilfully  
Laddered the cold up skyward to the end.  
Just then that music, which half heard before  
And undistinguished down the steeps unfurled,  
Struck quicker rhythm; and looking up I saw  
Mid draperies of darkness hanging vague  
A halo shining downwards, in the ice  
Mirrored like vapour mazed with meteors.  
In a last hurry I climbed. The freezing dark  
Was all a tremor of song, and finally  
A dim design of snowy mansion grew  
Ghostly and lucid, carved of summer cloud,  
A white flame tapering at the core of space.  
And then methought the appalling night and gloom  
Drew like an ocean's ebb sinkingly down,  
I swimming out. The floor lay luminous,  
As when by pale gray weather and no wind  
A glossy lake at morning falls asleep:  
Whence grading to the citadel for steps  
An hundred plinths of crystal led. They cut  
The mild light slant along their silver edge,  
Describing circles and diminishing  
Toward certain columns roundly poised atop.  
Up to that place of supreme glory, I  
Man of the niggard earth and god at heart  
Mounted out of disaster to my place.  
It seemed daylight growing and diffused,  
Splendid, melodious, and of such perfume  
As warms upon a meadow at afternoon  
Of cloudless summer; and another light,  
Neither of sun nor moon, awaked the air  
To radiance wreathing on the point of all.*

*This was his palace, vastly and circular,  
 Buildded of lucent marble, with a film  
 Hung in its height, erratic, shadowing-in  
 Unlikely plants and wondrous ocean-flowers.  
 And placed about stood pillars very firm,  
 Where top to bottom slender flutings ran;  
 And around every pillar drew a belt  
 Mid-high, that brake the rods of light in twain;  
 And there, clamped in a sconce of gold each one  
 And cinct with silver snakes, the torches burned  
 Upholding flames of the everlasting fire,  
 The sacred fire that having once been ours  
 He stole again who names his own self God.*

EPI. *Alas! thy scorn will drag his vengeance down.*

PRO. *Peace, man! He wronged me, and the day is mine.  
 One of those torches is this in my hand.*

*It flamed to right where the entrance is, two bright  
 Iron-swung sheets of brass, firm-barred across  
 And bolted 'gainst the fearful universe:  
 While inside cried aloud perennial choirs  
 To a single note so puissant and superb  
 It seemed an ocean singing to the sun.*

*I heard, and seized the torch. In challenge too  
 Wrenching the clasp, I hurled it formless down  
 Before their gates and turned my feet away.*

*[It thunders.]*

PYR. *Father, be calm.*

DEU. *O desolation and despair!*

*T thou, wretched man, shalt be our ruin.*

PYR. *Hush!*

*The winds are up—*

EPI. *It had to be—*

PYR.

*Like streams*

*Swirling before they burst.*

DEU.

*A thunder-cloud*

*Unravels down out of the burning sky.*

PRO.

*I say, whate'er's achieved, once and for all  
Stands in defiance, and we at Nature's heart  
Register signs of our nobility.*

*This is the symbol I have had my will,  
Which down the crystal stairs into the depth  
I bore, a little flame thro' darkness, won  
From summits which henceforth are counted ours.  
With it I've lit the world.—Look forth, my children!  
All the unfolded earth, mountain and vale  
Holding their fruits aloft, the knotty crags  
Scattering colour, and the prairies green  
With tuft and billow of infinite grass:  
Of all their life your life is nourish'd.  
Follow the rivers further to the sea  
And launch your enterprise! The wilful soul  
Goes forward to possess, and vindicates  
From strength to strength the majesty of life.*

EPI. *Alas!*

*Nothing will teach thee infelicity.  
The sunrise is not all: who shall forget  
For stubbornness or greed the yesterdays  
Which rivet us to the soil we come of? See,  
The woman weeps.*

PYR. [*to PROMETHEUS*]. *I'll follow on—heed not him—  
Despite exhaustion for the hope—*

EPI.

*The hope?*

*What says she?*

PRO.

*More of truth than e'er thou knew'st.*

DEU. *Oh, this it is that whets the rusty scythe!  
And notwithstanding certainly we believe  
It nothing profits so throughout the year  
To strain, yet strain all the year thro' we must,  
And for a hope! Thou mad'st it so! The worm  
Which bores the parchèd glebe is happier,  
The goaded oxen plodding for a bread  
Not theirs, more calm—thou mad'st it so! A curse  
Upon thee! May thy tortures pay our own,  
Our stupid agonies that in the daylight now  
Begin afresh!—I will not struggle more.*

PRO. *He whines. A pity 't is the world consists  
Of such: who using nature and themselves,  
Suffer their task and clog with lamentation  
The rush and furtherance of human things.  
For hope, being had, suffices; in so much  
We prosper, and the Gods are idle dreams  
Strung in the void of our uncertain thoughts.*

*[It thunders.]*

EPI. *Another day has been.*

DEU. *Thunder again!  
The eternal reason will be justified,  
And truth descends against the haughty brain.*

PYR. *How't darkens!*

PRO. *[soliloquising]. She too loses heart. At last,  
Whatever be done of large and generous,  
Howe'er one's life be given, and freely all  
Delight, affection, quiet sacrificed  
For something bolder to the good of man,—  
Yet at the last he will prefer disgrace  
And hug his slavery, leaving him that strove  
To fight damnation and despair alone.*



PYR. *Ah me, the daylight vanishes in death.*

*[A cloud gradually falls through the scene,  
and all fades in gray obscurity.]*

PAN. *[singing].*

*As an immortal nightingale  
I sing behind the summer sky  
Thro' leaves of starlight gold and pale  
That shiver with my melody,  
Along the wake of the full-moon  
Far on to oceans, and beyond  
Where the horizons vanish down  
In darkness clear as diamond.*

EPI. *On wings of memory the night returns.  
The great bird gires before he drop again.—  
Sunlight and country that I knew! O sky!  
Ye furl yourselves and wander shadowily  
Into the endless backward of the heart.*

PYR. *It blows and darkens in. Where is he?*

*[It thunders.]*

THE VOICES OF ZEUS.

*Man, come with us, come with us, come away!*

PRO. *[aside].*

*His voice!*

THE VOICES. *Come to receive thy certain pain.*

PRO. *Justice of God, malignant destiny,  
Delirious curse! how it confounds the brain  
To see thee blast our strength, and day by day  
With all thy crooked fingers here rip up  
The patient fabric of our energy.  
Over the endless harvest, o'er the home  
We builded with great pain, for pastime thou*

*Spill'st putrefaction, and upon thy palm  
The world shakes like an egg, to shut and crush.*

THE VOICES.

*Be ready, for the time is Now! We've come  
To lead thee to the edge of wilderness.*

PRO. *We'll die in battle. Come near.*

THE VOICES.

*'Tis thine to struggle everlastingly.  
Look o'er the world, unhappy wretch, and come!*

PAN. [*singing*].

*My dew is everywhere  
Where things are;  
I fall and flutter and fare,  
Leaving a star  
By the roads of earth, in the far  
Paths of the air.*

*Mine is the milk to charm  
In a mother's breast,  
Sweet with her pain and warm  
With her rest,  
The life that asks for a nest  
In her arm;*

*And mine is the violet  
That so lies  
In the evening of her wet  
Sorrowful eyes.  
For another thing may rise,  
But her youth has set.*

*Nothing is less with me,  
Nothing is lost.*

*For I smile on the earth and sea,  
On the infinite host  
Of the dead and the living, and most  
On the yet-to-be.*

PRO. *Pandora, how thou singest o'er my pain  
Yet of my humiliation nothing! Ah,  
Farewell, and let thy voice for evermore  
Sweeten the dreary acres of mankind.*

THE VOICES.

*Thy day is at an end.*

PRO. *But not my deed!  
The light is theirs and I the giver thereof,  
Long as blood beats within the human heart.—  
Unhand me! Ah!*

THE VOICES. *Wear now thy chains.*

PYR. *Who is't that chains? Where is he now?*

PRO. *Alone,  
Beyond thy arms, in other hands than thine.*

THE VOICES.

*Drag him on! for he balks the will of God.*

PRO. *Yet does my work outstrip the penalty.  
Nothing may die or live infructuous,  
And I'm immortal: for I join with Being,  
And nothing in the universal sphere  
But is.  
'Twas with me for a while as with the sun  
Upon the ocean: writing out in gold  
The moving characters of highest day,  
Which to dull creatures of the depth appeared  
Fantastic and divine and possible.*

THE VOICES.

*Drag him away! The stubborn mind has burst.*

PRO. *Many times I have died and yet shall die.*

*For Nature rolls on, while across the chasms  
From hill to hill and round from east to west  
Voices pass on the echo to the stars.*

*So forms are laid aside, and if I lived,  
I was the cresting of the tide wherein  
An endless motion rose exemplified.*

THE VOICES.

*Bear him away, for evening falleth in.*

*[The cloud lifts, PROMETHEUS has disappeared. A great sunset fills the scene.]*

PAN. *[singing].*

*My soul of sunset every human day  
In long sad colours on the evening dwells  
And gives her solemn violet away  
Over the quiet endlessness of hills.*

*Mild and gold burns from cloud to cloud, above  
The obscurer fields, my pity for an hour;  
And then life goes to sleep within my love,  
The world is drawn together as a flower.*

*Labour at last within the soul is peace,  
And faithful pain after a certain while  
Like other things will strengthen and increase  
And colour at the last into a smile.—*

*Rest in my bosom till thy day be due,  
Until my day be finished at sunrise,  
And I behold thee glittering thro' the blue  
And playing in the sunset of my eyes.*

EPI. *The sunset comes to die now as of yore,—  
The sad recurrence of remembered things.*

PYR. *He's gone to suffer, gone whither? Alas!  
Would I knew where his bleeding head will lie  
To give my breast for pillow and avert  
The dreadful vengeance feeding on his soul! —  
How crimsonly the day declines! Come sleep,  
Deukalion, for to-morrow brings again  
The sun he gave us, and the hope—the life.*



A LIMITED EDITION OF THREE HUNDRED &  
FIFTY-TWO COPIES OF THIS BOOK, OF WHICH  
THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE COPIES  
ARE FOR SALE, WAS PRINTED BY D. B. UPDIKE  
THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS, BOSTON, IN OCTO-  
BER, MDCCCCII. OF THE EDITION THIS COPY  
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